

# 2Pac Lyrics

"I'm Losin It"

(feat. Big Syke, Spice 1)

Straight out the motherfucking bay

Here we go

[2Pac:]

Lord help me, save me, Mama keep praying

For a young motherfucker trying to duck an early grave

In the city where ya can't tell the snakes from the fakes

Fakes from the phonies, enemies of homies

Around the corner there's another nigga waiting to jack

He don't know I got a glock 'til his ass get shot

Like a motherfucking thug disease

Craving beats like they motherfucking drugs to me, hey

What's up with bitches trying to screw me? Do me cause I did a movie

Throw the pussy to me but before they never knew me

Rather die then let ya play me for a, buster

And with my glock I'm a plotting ass rotten motherfucker, huh

Don't let the movie fool ya, let me school ya

Screaming Thug Life nigga when I do ya

I'm going crazy, getting dizzy

And then I suffocate a motherfucking breather bring me back

I'm telling ya I'm losing it

Said I'm losing my mind

Losing my mind

[4x]

[Big Syke:]

I'm going crazy, niggas can't fade me

On the real I kill when I step to ya fucking grill

So let me kick it let me flip it let me get wicked

I'm not a buster from the hood selling whooped tickets

I hang with G's flipping keys and smoking weed

I get the cash and dash and never learn to read

So fuck a bitch fuck a hoe and I let ya know

Because they come and go like the wind blows

What am I giving how I'm living what I'm giving up

You can take my life and I don't give a fuck

Cause I'm the trouble most coming from the west coast

Where the niggas is banging 'til the overdose

Killers and murderers, psychos and lunatics

Nobody knows what makes my mind click

Is it the demons, screaming inside of me?

Hell no it's just the Thug Life mentality

I'm going crazy shit don't phase me

I'm living like a thug 'til six niggas carry me

Death is on the tricca so pull it

I can't take it no more, nigga, I'm losing it

Said I'm losing my mind

Losing my mind

[4x]

*[Spice 1:]*

Shit was talking to me, my gat screamed fire  
The bullet told me shoot that motherfucker he's a liar  
I talked to me 3-80 like a bitch on a stroll  
When my niggas try to [?]  
Nigga, I can't get fucked in this game I'm a psychopath  
My AK told me to shove him up some niggas ass  
I'm having long conversations with Mr. Millometer  
He's one of my best friends bitch ass nigga eater  
And Miss Mossburg love it in the back trunk  
You know that old school bitch she like to get it funked  
And spitting motherfuckers by the seems  
My grand daddy Mr. AR-15  
By the evil motherfucker  
Talked me into taking over a dope turf and shooting cluckers  
Said he was my only family  
Shoot straight, and please don't jam me  
Got in a fight at the club my gat started talking  
Told me to shut the fuck up and let him do the talking  
I woke up and it was sick to see the guts hang  
I'm going nuts man  
Shit was talking to me

*[Fading:]*

Said I'm losing my mind  
Losing my mind